

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

No. II.

EYES.—The finest eyes are those that unite sense and sweetness. They should be able to say much, and all charmingly. The look of sense is proportioned to the depth from which the thought seems to issue; the look of sweetness to an habitual readiness of sympathy, an unaffected willingness to please and be pleased. We need not be jealous of—

"Eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem to love what'er they look upon."

Gertrude of Wyoming.

They have always a good stock in reserve for their favourites; especially if, like those mentioned by the poet, they are conversant with books and nature. Voluptuaries know not what they talk about, when they profess not to care for sense in a woman. Pedantry is one thing: sense, taste, and apprehensiveness, are another. Give me an eye that draws equally from head above and heart beneath; that is equally full of ideas and feelings, of intuition and sensation. If either must predominate, let it be the heart. Mere beauty is nothing at any time but a doll, and should be packed up and sent to Brobdignag. The colour of the eye is a very secondary matter. Black eyes are thought the brightest, blue the most feminine, grey the keenest. It depends intirely on the spirit within. I have seen all these colours change characters; though I must own, that when a blue eye looks ungentle, it seems more out of character than the extremest diversity expressed by others. The ancients appear to have associated the idea of gladness with blue eyes; which is the colour given to his heroine's by the author just alluded to. Anacreon attributes a blue or a grey eye to his mistress, it is difficult to say which: but he adds, that it is tempered with a moist delicacy of the eye of Venus. The other look was Minerva's, and required softening. It is not easy to distinguish the shades of the various colours anciently given to eyes; the blues and greys, sky-blues, sea-blues, sea-greys, and even *ent-greys*.* But it is clear that the expression is everything. The poet demanded this or that colour, according as he thought it favourable to the expression of acuteness, majesty, tenderness or a mixture of all. Black eyes were most lauded; doubtless, because in a southern country the greatest number of beloved eyes must be of that colour. But on the same account of the predominance of black, the abstract taste was in favour of lighter eyes and fair complexions. Hair being of a great variety of tint, the poet had great licence in wishing or feigning on that point. Many a head of hair was exalted into gold, that gave slight colour for the pretension; nor is it to be doubted, that auburn, and red, and yellow, and sand-coloured, and brown with the least surface of gold, all took the same illustrious epithet on occasion. With regard to eyes, the ancients insisted much on one point, which gave rise to many happy expressions. This was a certain mix-

ture of pungency with the look of sweetness. Sometimes they call it severity, sometimes sternness, and even acidity, and terror. The usual word was gorgon-looking. Something of a frown was implied, mixed with a radiant earnestness. This was commonly spoken of men's eyes. Anacreon, giving directions for the portrait of a youth, says—

"Μελαν ομμα γοργον ιστω,
Κεκερασμενον γαληνη."

"Dark and gorgon be his eye,
Tempered with hilarity."

A taste of it, however, was sometimes desired in the eyes of the ladies. Theagenes, in Heliodorus's 'Ethiopics,' describing his mistress Chariclea, tells us, that even when a child, something great, and with a divinity in it shone out of her eyes, and encountered his, as he examined them with a mixture of the gorgon and the alluring.* Perhaps the best word in general for translating gorgon would be *fervent*; something earnest, fiery, and pressing onward. Anacreon, with his usual exquisite taste, allays the fierceness of the term with the word *hekeramenon*, tempered. The nice point is, to see that the terror itself be not terrible, but only a poignancy brought in to assist the sweetness. It is the salt in the tart; the subtle sting of the essence. It is the eye intellectual, what the apple of the eye is to the eye itself,—the dark part of it, the core, the innermost look; the concentration and burning-bloss of the rays of love. I think, however, that Anacreon did better than Heliodorus, when he avoided attributing this look to his mistress, and confined it to the other sex. He tells us, that she had a look of Minerva as well as Venus; but it is Minerva without the gorgon. There is sense and apprehensiveness, but nothing to alarm. No drawback upon beauty ought to be more guarded against, than a character of violence about the eyes. I have seen it become very touching, when the violence had been conquered by suffering and reflection, and a generous turn of mind; nor, perhaps, does a richer soil for the production of all good things take place anywhere than over these spent volcanoes. But the experiment is dangerous, and the event rare.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all, when they have the internal look; which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the orientals is beautiful and lamping, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferant. "The epithet of stag-eyed," says Lady Wortley Montague, speaking of a Turkish love song, "pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes." We lose in depth of expression, when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eye looks at you with a royal indifference. Shakspeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he describes them as being—

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love. Large eyes may become more

* 'Ethiop.' Lib. 11, apud Junium.

touching under this circumstance than any others; because of the field they give for the veins to wander in, and the trembling amplitude of the ball beneath. Little eyes must be good tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing and should do their duty. In Charles the Second's time, it was the fashion to have sleepy, half-shut eyes, sly and meretricious. They took an expression, beautiful and warrantable on occasion, and made a commonplace of it, and a vice. So little do "men of pleasure" understand the business from which they take their title. A good warm-hearted poet shall shed more light upon real voluptuousness and beauty, in one verse from his pen, than a thousand rakes shall arrive at, swimming in claret, and bound on as many voyages of discovery.

In attending to the hair and eyes, I have forgotten the eyebrows, and the shape of the head. They shall be despatched before we come to the lips; as the table is cleared before the dessert. This is an irreverent simile, nor do I like it; though the pleasure even of eating and drinking, to those who enjoy it with temperance, may be traced beyond the palate. The utmost refinements on that point are, I allow, wide of the mark on this. The idea of beauty, however, is lawfully associated with that of cherries and peaches; as Eve set forth the dessert in Paradise.

EYEBROWS.—Eyebrows used to obtain more applause than they do. Shakspeare seems to jest upon this eminence, when he speaks of a lover

"Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Marot mentions a poem on an eyebrow, which was the talk of the court of Francis the First.* The taste of the Greeks on this point was remarkable. They admired eyebrows that almost met. It depends upon the character of the rest of the face. Meeting eyebrows may give a sense and animation to looks that might otherwise be over-feminine. They have certainly not a foolish look. Anacreon's mistress has them:—

"Taking care her eyebrows be
Not apart, nor mingled neither,
But as hers are, stol'n together.
Met by stealth, yet leaving too
O'er the eyes their darkest hue."

In the Idyl of Theocritus before mentioned, one of the speakers values himself upon the effect his beauty has had on a girl with joined eyebrows.

"Κημ' εκ τω αντρω συνοφρυς κορα εχθες ιδοισα
δαμαλας παρελωντα, κελον κελον ημες
εφασκεν"

Ου μεν ουδε λογον εκριθη απο τον πικρον αυτα,
Αλλα κατω βλεψας ταν αμειτταν οδον ειρπον."

"Passing a bower last evening with my cows,
A girl look'd out,—a girl with meeting brows.
'Beautiful! beautiful!' cried she. I heard,
But went on, looking down, and gave her not a word."

This taste in female beauty appears to have been confined to the ancients. Boccaccio, in his 'Ameto, the

* In one of his Epistles, beginning—
"Nobles esprits de France poetiques."

* *Casio veniam abvius leoni*. Catullus.—See *glaucus*, *caeruleus*, &c. and their Greek correspondents. *Χαροπος*, glad-looking, is also rendered in the Latin, blue-eyed: and yet it is often translated by *ravus*, a word which at one time is made to signify blue, and at another something approximating to hazel. *Casius*, in like manner, appears to signify both grey and blue, and a tinge of green.

precursor of the 'Decameron,' where he gives several pictures of beautiful women, speaks more than once of disjoined eyebrows.* Chaucer, in the 'Court of Love,' is equally express in favour of "a due distance." An arched eyebrow was always in request; but I think it is doubtful whether we are to understand that the eyebrows were always desired to form separate arches, or to give an arched character to the brow considered in unison. In either case the curve should be very delicate. A strait eyebrow is better than a very arching one, which has a look of wonder and silliness. To have it immediately over the eye, is preferable, for the same reason, to its being too high and lifted. The Greeks liked eyes leaning upwards towards each other; which indeed is a rare beauty, and the reverse of the animal character. If the brows over these took a similar direction, they would form an arch together. Perhaps a sort of double curve was required, the particular one over the eye, and the general one in the look altogether.† But these are unnecessary refinements. Where great difference of taste is allowed, the point in question can be of little consequence. I cannot think, however, with Ariosto, that fair locks with black eyebrows are desirable. I see, by an article in an Italian catalogue, that the taste provoked a dissertation.‡ It is to be found, however, in 'Achilles Tatius,' and in the poem beginning

"Lydia, bella puella, candida,"

attributed to Gallus. A moderate distinction is desirable, especially where the hair is very light. Hear Burns, in a passage full of life and sweetness,

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonny blue."

It is agreed on all hands, that a female eyebrow ought to be delicate, and nicely pencilled. Dante says of his mistress's, that it looked as if it was painted.

"Il ciglio
Pulito, e brun, talchè dipinto pare."
Rime, Lib. V.

"The eyebrow,
Polished and dark, as though the brush had
drawn it."

Brows ought to be calm and even.

"Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows."
Fairy Queen.

Eyelids have been mentioned before. The lashes are best when they are dark, long, and abundant without tangling.—But I shall never get on at this rate.

SHAPE OF HEAD AND FACE, EARS, CHEEKS, &c.—The shape of the head, including the face, is handsome in proportion as it inclines from round into oval. This should particularly appear, when the face is looking down. The skull should be like a noble cover to a beautiful goblet. The principal breadth is at the temples, and over the ears. The ears ought to be small, delicate, and compact. I have fancied that musical people have fine ears, in that sense, as well as the other. But the internal conformation must be the main thing with them. The same epithets of small, delicate, and compact, apply to the jaw; which loses in beauty, in proportion as it is large and angular. The cheek is the seat of great beauty and sentiment. It is the region of passive and habitual softness. Gentle acquiescence is there; modesty is there; the lights and colours of passion play tenderly in and out its surface, like the Aurora of the northern sky. It has been seen how Anacreon has painted a cheek. Sir Philip Sidney has touched it with no less delicacy, and more sen-

timent:—"Her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken to, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred."—"Arcadia," Book I. Beautiful—cheeked is a favourite epithet with Homer. There is an exquisite delicacy, rarely noticed, in the transition from the cheek to the neck, just under the ear. Akenside has observed it; but hurts his real feeling, as usual, with common-place epithets:

"Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead; let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair blooming."

Pleasures of Imagination.

The "marble neck" is too violent a contrast; but the picture is delicate.

"Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn"

is an elegant and happy verse.

I will here observe, that rakes and men of sentiment appear to have agreed in objecting to ornaments for the ears. Ovid, Sir Philip Sidney, and, I think, Beaumont and Fletcher, have passages against ear-rings; but I cannot refer to the last.

"Vos quoque non caris aures onerate lapillis,
Quos legit in viridi decolor Indus aqua."
Artis Amat. Lib. III.

"Load not your ears with costly jewelry,
Which the swart Indian culls from his green sea."

This, to be sure, might be construed into a warning against the abuse, rather than the use, of such ornaments; but the context is in favour of the latter supposition. The poet is recommending simplicity, and extolling the age he lives in, for its being sensible enough to dispense with show and finery. The passage in Sidney is express, and is a pretty conceit. Drawing a portrait of his heroine, and coming to the ear, he tells us, that

"The tip no jewel needs to wear;
The tip is jewel to the ear."

I confess when I see a handsome ear without an ornament, I am glad it is not there; but if it has an ornament, and one in good taste, I know not how to wish it away. There is an elegance in the dangling of a gem suitable to the complexion. I believe the ear is better without it. Akenside's picture, for instance, would be spoiled by a ring. Furthermore, it is in the way of a kiss.

NOSE.—The nose in general has the least character of any of the features. When we meet with a very small one, we only wish it larger; when with a large one, we would fain request it to be smaller. In itself it is rarely anything. The poets have been puzzled to know what to do with it. They are generally contented with describing it as straight, and in good proportion. The straight nose, quoth Dante,—"Il dritto naso." "Her nose directed straight," saith Chaucer. "Her nose is neither too long nor too short," say the 'Arabian Nights.' Ovid makes no mention of a nose. Ariosto says of Alcina's (not knowing what else to say), that envy could not find fault with it. Anacreon contrives to make it go shares with the cheek. Boccaccio, in one of his early works, the 'Ameto' above-mentioned, where he has an epithet for almost every noun, is so puzzled what to say of a nose, that he calls it *odorante*, the smelling nose. Fielding, in his contempt for so unsentimental a part of the visage, does not scruple to beat Amelia's nose to pieces, by an accident; in order to show how contented her lover can be, when the surgeon has put it decently to rights. This has been reckoned a hazardous experiment; not that a lover, if he is worth anything, would not remain a lover after such an accident, but that we do not choose to have a member injured, which has so little character to support its adversity. The commenta-

tors have a curious difficulty with a line in Catullus. They are not sure whether he wrote

"Salve, nec nimio puella naso—"

Hail, damsel, with by no means too much nose;—or,

"Salve, nec minimo puella naso—"

Hail, damsel, with by no means nose too little."

It is a feature to be described by negatives. It is of importance, however, to the rest of the face. If a good nose will do little for a countenance otherwise poor, a bad one is a great injury to the best. An indifferent one is so common, that it is easily tolerated. It appears, from the epithets bestowed upon that part of the face by the poets and romance-writers, that there is no defect more universal than a nose twisted or out of proportion. The reverse is desirable accordingly. A nose should be firmly yet lightly cut, delicate, spirited, harmonious in its parts, and proportionate with the rest of the features. A nose merely well-drawn and proportioned, can be very insipid. Some little freedom and delicacy is required to give it character. Perhaps the highest character it can arrive at is a look of taste and apprehensiveness. And a perfectly elegant face has a nose of this sort. Dignity, as regards this feature, depends upon the expression of the rest of the face. Thus a large aquiline nose increases the look of strength in a strong face, and of weakness in a weak one. The contrast,—the want of balance,—is too great. Junius adduces the authority of the sophist Philostratus for *tetragonal* or *quadrangular noses*,—noses like those of statues; that is to say, broad and level in the bridge, with distinct angles to the parallelogram. These are better for men than women. The genders of noses are more distinct than those of eyes and lips. The neuter are the commonest. A nose a little aquiline has been admired in some women. Cyrus's Aspasia had one, according to Ælian. "She had very large eyes," quoth he, "and was a little upon the griffin;" ολιγον δε ην και επιγρυμπος.* The less the better. It trenches upon the other and requires all the graces of Aspasia to carry it off. Those indeed will carry off anything. There are many handsome and agreeable women with aquiline noses; but they are agreeable in spite of them, not by their assistance. Painters do not give them their ideal beauties. We do not imagine angels with aquiline noses. Dignified men have them. Plato calls them royal. Marie Antoinette was not the worse for an aquiline nose; at least in her triumphant days, when she swam through an antechamber like a vision, and swept away the understanding of Mr Burke. But if a royal nose has anything to do with a royal will, she would have been the better for one of a less dominant description, at last. A Roman nose may establish a tyranny:—according to Marmontel, a little turn-up nose overthrew one. At all events, it is more feminine; and La Fontaine was of Marmontel's opinion. Writing to the Duchess of Bouillon, who had expressed a fear that he would grow tired of Château Thierry, he says,

"Peut-on s'ennuyer en des lieux
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux
D'une aimable et vive Princesse,
A pied blanc et mignon, à brune et longue tresse?
Nez troussé, c'est un charme encor selon mon sens,
C'en est même un des plus puissants.
Pour moi, le temps d'aimer est passé, je l'avoue;
Et je mérite qu'on me loue
De ce libre et sincère aveu,
Dont pourtant le public se souciera très peu.
Que j'aime ou n'aime pas, c'est pour lui même chose
Mais s'il arrive que mon cœur
Retourne à l'avenir dans sa première erreur,
Nez aquilins et longs n'en seront pas la cause."

"How can one tire in solitudes and nooks,
Graced by the steps, enlighten'd by the looks,
Of the most piquant of Princesses,
With little darling foot, and long dark tresses?
A turn-up nose too, between you and me,
Has something that attracts me mightily."

* Var. Hist. Lib. 12, Cap. 1.

* L'Ameto di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio, pp. 31, 32, 39. Parma, 1802.

† See the 'Ameto,' p. 32.

‡ Barrotti, Gio. Andrea, le chiome bionde e ciglia nere d'Alcina, discorso accademico. Padova, 1746.

My loving days, I must confess, are over,
A fact it does me honour to discover;
Though, I suppose, whether I love or not,
That brute, the public, will not care a jot.
The dev'l a bit will their hard hearts look to it.
But should it happen, some fine day,
That anything should lead me round that way,
A long and beaky nose will certainly not do it."

SONNET

WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE OF MR HERAUD'S
'DESCENT INTO HELL.'

MIGHTY Magician! of whose spell divine
My willing soul rejoices in the thrall,
With whom I tread the empyreal hall
Of preterhuman Nature, and the shrine
Uncover of that holiest mystery,
Wherein consists the wondrous oracle
Of ultimate Fate (how wisely and how well
By God ordained!) with things that present be—
Thou only Seer, to whom the central Earth
That prison hath unclosed, of which the tomb
Is but the portal.—Prophet-bard of doom!
How shall thy soul rejoice her in the Birth,
When the old world from Nature's sluggish
womb
Re-issues in primeval beauty forth!

T. F. T.

Bermondsey, Surrey.

CHARLES LAMB.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

[FURNISHED by Mr Upcott to the writer in the 'New Monthly,' who has given the public several fervent and eloquent articles on this first of the critics and essayists of his time. We have promised some extracts on the same subject from another magazine, but have been somewhat perplexed in knowing what portions of them to give or to withhold; for they trench upon matters which it is almost equally difficult to touch upon without explanation or with it; and Mr Lamb, out of the very excess of his sympathies with humanity, however harmless to everyone but himself, left a puzzle in this respect to those who chuse to discuss it. The matter seems very plain; but in truth the metaphysics of it, to be thoroughly done justice to, are laid in the very depths of the nature of us; and after all, he might be grievously misrepresented by those who have seen him in weaker hours than others have, and who therefore naturally enough draw conclusions respecting the habit, very foreign, we believe, to its real amount. We knew him, for instance, ourselves very intimately, and have seen him in all his phases; and yet, with respect to the point in question, our personal experience would lead us to say that it was certainly *not* the *habit* which it has been taken for, nor by any means to have been looked for as a matter of course or probability, except under certain circumstances, or at very peculiar and touching periods of his life. We almost feel the tears come into our eyes to think we should have the necessity forced upon us to allude to it, so excellent a man was he, and full of the most exalted and affecting virtues.]

CHARLES LAMB, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February 1775, educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large;—can remember few specialties in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*); below the middle stature; east of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional con-

versation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness. A small eater but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called 'Rosamund Gray,' a dramatic sketch, named 'John Woodvil,' a 'Farewell Ode to Tobacco;' with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true 'Elia,' whose essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the public attention to the old English Dramatists, in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers,' who lived about the time of Shakespeare, published about fifteen years since. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth, would take to the end of Mr Upcott's book, and then not be told truly.

He died 18 much lamented.*
Witness his hand, CHARLES LAMB.
18th April, 1827.

* To anybody—please to fill up these blanks.

A VALUABLE EXAMPLE.

[We cannot better forward the views of the Correspondent who sends us the account of this new institution, than by publishing his own intelligent and ingenuous letter.]

SIR,—I have been obliged to you a while back for the insertion of some insignificant verses. My Muse has lately forsaken me; and I am not sure whether your variously-worded, and numerous gentle repulses of such attempts, as conveyed in your notices to Correspondents, may not have had a hand in her withdrawal of favour. A subject, however, more worthy of your attention, as being of general and not selfish interest, emboldens me to ask a few moments of your attention; and I will endeavour to compress the matter into small compass, for fear of being wearisome.

A few weeks ago I enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing the establishment of a reading-room for persons of slender finances. It is in the neighbourhood of Brunswick square, and instituted at the expense of an individual, and is designed for the benefit of *both sexes*. A spacious apartment has been provided—lights and firing abundantly supplied, with every other requisite for comfortable accommodation. Globes stand in the room, and its walls are hung with some maps; a few dozen of books have been presented, with a probability of augmentation, and superintendence arranged for.

The poorer classes and their improvement have been the objects contemplated by the public-spirited founder; and it was consequently presumed that the hours of evening were the only ones afforded by their avocations for prosecuting the desired end. The evening, therefore, has been made the period of admittance, viz. from five until ten o'clock. Any one of the subscribers (there are already seventy) may introduce a new member, upon presenting a certain notice of such desire, and vouching for general respectability and honesty. It was requisite, for the sake of shedding some dignity upon the establishment, as removing it from the ignominy of being merely a *charitable* one, that something should be paid; and thus sixpence per month is required from each member, for the privilege of entering upon all the advantages of the place; and to prevent the

right, the condition is annexed of a month's notice on quitting.

One or two of the members are willing also to afford instruction in drawing of figures, which several of the most ignorant among them were anxious to avail themselves of; and here again, some clog upon vacillation was necessary, and the additional charge of threepence per month determined on, with the same requisition of a month's notice upon discontinuance of the study. Paper, pens, subjects for copying are abundantly and gratuitously provided; additions being frequently made to the permanent collection, and occasional loans beside.

Upon the opening of the room, Dr Bhoot, a gentleman well known for literary talent, and philanthropic views, read an address to the assembled subscribers. I have one, somewhat soiled, and will endeavour to find and enclose it; but should you kindly express the least wish for more copies, they shall be furnished.

Nothing has occurred to damp the prospects with which the undertaking was commenced. Men and women, under fixed regulations, meet, and pursue each their own studies, uninterruptedly; unnecessary conversation being discouraged. A book, upon request, with a memorandum deposited, being allowed to be taken for domestic perusal.

The founder had long lamented the want of these sort of facilities for mental cultivation which the poorer classes of men and women laboured under, and the present is an experiment that promises sufficiently well to authorize a hope, that (upon inspection) others, equally anxious to disseminate the blessings of education, may deem it worthy their notice and imitation; and if they improve upon the plan, so much the better.

Such kind of institutions are among the good fruits of 'Captain Pen's' ultimate harvest of the world:—at once products and seeds of ever improving developments. The benefit of partial attempts must of course be partial results; results too, not easily appreciable among the complexity of current movements,—at least, results which cannot be pointed to with unquestionable confidence, until the actuating impulse, viz. a very extensive augmentation of means and applications, swell out the tide of effects to a body of sufficiently broad expanse and steady flow, to leave no doubt as to what ocean it is tending.

Every mind, however, that has yielded in a certain degree its rude energies to the noble ambition of improvement, has been so far providing within itself the materials for a final conquest of its inferior propensities. Though again it must be acknowledged, that the complicated relations of moving life, and the fusion of all sorts of ingredients which unite to produce the varied aspects of society, leave it hard to be demonstrated how far the new principle is influential; and affords only to the reasoning portion of observers, those evidences which hereafter the whole world will recognize. And, perhaps, it may have been ordained here, as in other cases, that the goodness of the principle shall only be universally acknowledged after its triumph; and, like the virtuous efforts of individual faith, the happy shore to which it conducts shall only be manifested to the nations, after they have gone through the soundless depths of experience.

I scarcely feel any alarm lest you should regard this letter as an impertinent intrusion on your time. Your "sympathies with all," as displayed in all your sentiments, forbid me to fear. A slight notice from your lively pen, of such an establishment having worked well for three or four months (and your own inspection may easily be satisfied on the point) would most effectually make it known; and may induce some of your Readers, who are blessed with wealth to spare, to spread abroad in like manner the gifts of knowledge.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Z. Z.

LONGEVITY.

(From Dr Southwood Smith's 'Philosophy of Health'.)

By a certain amount and intensity of misery life may be suddenly destroyed; by a smaller amount and intensity, it may be slowly worn out and exhausted. The state of the mind affects the physical condition; but the continuance of life is wholly dependent on the physical condition: it follows that in the degree in which the state of the mind is capable of affecting the physical condition, it is capable of influencing the duration of life.

Were the physical condition always perfect, and the mental state always that of enjoyment, the duration of life would always be extended to the utmost limit compatible with that of the organization of the body. But as this fortunate concurrence seldom or never happens, human life seldom or never measures the full number of its days. Uniform experience shows, however, that, provided no accident occur to interrupt the usual course, in proportion as body and mind approximate to this state, life is long; and as they recede from it, it is short. Improvement of the physical condition affords a foundation for the improvement of the mental state; improvement of the mental state improves up to a certain point the physical condition; and in the ratio in which this twofold improvement is affected, the duration of life increases.

Longevity then is good, in the first place, because it is a sign and a consequence of a certain amount of enjoyment; and, in the second place, because this being the case, of course in proportion as the term of life is extended, the sum of enjoyment must be augmented. And this view of longevity assigns the cause, and shows the reasonableness of that desire for long life, which is so universal and constant as to be commonly considered instinctive. Longevity and happiness, if not invariably, are generally, coincident.

If there may be happiness without longevity, the converse is not possible: there cannot be longevity without happiness. Unless the state of the body be that of tolerable health, and the state of the mind that of tolerable enjoyment, long life is unattainable; these physical and mental conditions no longer existing, or capable of existing, the desire of life and the power of retaining it cease together.

An advanced term of life and decrepitude are commonly conceived to be synonymous: the extension of life is vulgarly supposed to be the protraction of the period of infirmity and suffering, that period which is characterized by a progressive diminution of the power of sensation, and a consequent and proportionate loss of the power of enjoyment, the "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." But this is so far from being true, that it is not within the compass of human power to protract, in any sensible degree, the period of old age, properly so called, that is, the stage of decrepitude. In this stage of existence, the physical changes that successively take place ebb, day by day, the vital machinery, until it can no longer play. In a space of time fixed within narrow limits, the flame of life must then inevitably expire, for the processes that feed it fail. But though, when fully come, the term of old age cannot be extended, the coming of the term may be postponed. To the preceding stage, an indefinite number of years may be added. And this is a fact of the deepest interest to human nature.

The division of human life into periods or epochs is not an arbitrary distinction, but is founded on constitutional differences in the system, dependent on different physiological conditions. The periods of infancy, childhood, boyhood, adolescence, manhood, and old age, are distinguished from each other by external characters, which are but the outward signs of internal states. In physiological condition, the infant differs from the child, the boy from the man, and the adult from the old man, as much in physical strength as in mental power. There is an appointed order in which these several states succeed each other; there is a fixed time at which one passes

into another. That order cannot be inverted; no considerable anticipation or postponement of that fixed time can be effected. In all places and under all circumstances, at a given time, though not precisely at the same time in all climates and under all modes of life, infancy passes into childhood, childhood into boyhood, boyhood into adolescence, and adolescence into manhood. In the space of two years from its birth, every infant has ceased to be an infant, and has become a child; in the space of six years from this period, every child will have become a boy; add eight years to this time, and every boy will have become a young man; in eight years more, every young man will have become an adult man; and in the subsequent ten years, every adult man will have acquired his highest state of physical perfection. But at what period will this state of physical perfection decline? What is the maximum time during which it can retain its full vigour? Is that maximum fixed? Is there a certain number of years in which, by an inevitable law, every adult man necessarily becomes an old man? Is precisely the same number of years appointed for this transition to every human being? Can no care add to that number? Can no imprudence take from it? Does the physiological condition or the constitutional age of any two individuals ever advance to precisely the same point in precisely the same number of years? Physically and mentally, are not some persons older at fifty than others are at seventy? And do not instances occasionally occur in which an old man, who reached even his hundredth year, retains as great a degree of juvenility as the majority of those who attain to eighty. If this be so, what follows? One of the most interesting consequences that can be presented to the human mind. The deviation of the periods of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and adolescence, is fixed by a determinate number of years. Nothing can stay, nothing retard, the succession of each. Alike incapable of any material protraction is the period of old age. It follows that every year by which the term of human existence is extended is really added to the period of mature age; the period when the organs of the body have attained their full growth and put forth their full strength; when the physical organization has acquired its utmost perfection; when the senses, the feelings, the emotions, the passions, the affections, are in the highest degree acute, intense, and varied; when the intellectual faculties, completely unfolded and developed, carry on their operations with the greatest vigour, soundness, and continuity; in a word, when the individual is capable of receiving and of communicating the largest amount of the highest kind of enjoyment.

A consideration more full of encouragement, more animating, there cannot be. The extension of human life, in whatever mode and degree it may be possible to extend it, is the protraction of that portion of it, and only of that portion of it, in which the human being is capable of RECEIVING AND OF COMMUNICATING THE LARGEST MEASURE OF THE NOBLEST KIND OF ENJOYMENT.

Relation between the physical condition and happiness, and between happiness and longevity depends on the action of the organic organs. The action of the organic organs depends on certain physical agents. As each organic organ is duly supplied with the physical agent by which it carries on its respective process, and as it duly appropriates what it receives, the perfection of the physical condition is attained; and according to the perfection or imperfection of the physical condition, supposing no accident interrupt its regular course, is the length or the brevity of life.

It is conceivable that the physical condition might be brought to a high degree of perfection, the mind remaining in a state but little fitted for enjoyment; because it is necessary to enjoyment that there be a certain development, occupation, and direction of the mental powers and affections: and the mental state may be neglected, while attention is paid to the physical processes. But the converse is not possible.

The mental energies cannot be fully called forth while the physical condition is neglected. Happiness presupposes a certain degree of excellence in the physical condition; and unless the physical condition be brought to a high degree of excellence, there can be no such development, occupation, and direction of the mental powers and affections as is requisite to a high degree of enjoyment.

That state of the system in which the physical condition is sound, is in itself conducive to enjoyment, while a permanent state of enjoyment is in its turn conducive to the soundness of the physical condition. It is impossible to maintain the physical processes in a natural and vigorous condition if the mind be in a state of suffering. The bills of mortality contain no column exhibiting the number of persons who perish annually from bodily disease produced by mental suffering; but everyone must occasionally have seen appalling examples of the fact. Everyone must have observed the altered appearance of persons who have sustained calamity. A misfortune that struck to the heart happened to a person a year ago; observe him some time afterwards; he is wasted, worn, the miserable shadow of himself; inquire about him at the distance of a few months, he is no more.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

THE ABBE DE LILLE.

(Author of 'Les Jardins,' and translations of Virgil and Milton. Died in 1813.)

[TAKEN from a character of him by Madame du Molé, an extract from which (our authority) appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for November 1816, p. 394.]

His works have neither the character nor the features of his conversation. Reading them you would suppose him to be devoted to the most serious contemplations; see him in company, and you would suppose he never meditated at all. He takes no interest in the common occurrences of society. He is careless about everyone, and even about himself. Sometimes, without having listened to or seen anything that has past, he comes in with the most pertinent remark; then, perhaps, he is all simplicity; but in every humour he is very agreeable. His ideas flow with rapidity, and he communicates them without reserve; he is neither wordy nor affected. His conversation is a happy mixture of beauties and of negligences, and amiable disorder, which is always charming, and sometimes astonishing.

For his figure—a little girl once said, that it was all zig-zag: but the sex in general see only the expression, and not the form. His mouth is large, it is true; but the words and the verses that flow from it are delightful. His eyes are small and hollow; but, aided by the changes of his countenance, they express all the variety of his character. He does not give his features time to look ugly. He is not inattentive to his person; but he seldom adapts its ornaments to the occasion. He will go in *deshabille* to a duchess, and ride a-hunting in full dress.

His body is 74, his soul is only 15. Sensible to excess, he is assailable on all sides; but it is all to no purpose; his thoughtlessness and gaiety come to his aid, and leave him the happiest of beings. Public amusements are nothing to him: he is always occupied by some one object, and happy in being so engaged. He will give you his company for hours, and is happy with you: but so he is with the house-keeper: or his horse, which he will sometimes caress for two hours, and then forget that he has one. Yet, if he cannot be praised for uniformity of life, he has none of the vices of irregularity. However careless his conduct may be, it is always innocent. If he has no great features of character, he has all those engaging qualities of grace, liveliness, and simplicity, so natural, and yet so full of ingenuity, that he is courted like a reigning beauty, and beloved like a favourite child.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXVIII. — MARRIAGE AFTER BURIAL.

[If ever the letter of the marriage institution might be set aside in favour of its spirit, it would surely be in a case like the present. The story appeared originally in the famous French publication, the *Causés Célèbres*. It reminds us of one strikingly like it in an Italian publication, called the 'Florentine Observer,' upon which Mr Shelley has left the fragment of a noble poem. See, in his 'Miscellaneous Poems,' the piece intitled 'Genevra.']

Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished-for union, a man, far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honourable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder, that apparently carried her off; and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but, recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure, at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavours to disguise herself were ineffectual. He laid his claim to her, before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging, that the husband, by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one, by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.

RELIGIOUS OPINION IN RAJAHSTAN.

The period of sectarian intolerance is now past; and as far as my observation goes, the ministers of Vishnu, Sirha and Budha, view each other without malignity, which feeling never appears to have influenced the laity of either sect, who are indiscriminately respectful to the ministers of all religions, whatever be their tenets. It is sufficient that their office is one of sanctity, and that they are ministers of the Divinity, who, they say, excludes the homage of none, in whatever tongue or whatever manner he is sought; and with this spirit of toleration, the devout missionary, or Moollah, would in no country meet more security or hospitable courtesy than among the Rajpoots. They must, however, adopt the toleration they would find practised towards themselves.—*Tod's Antiquities of Rajahstan.*

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XVI.—KING LEAR.

[Continued from last week.]

ONE of the most perfect displays of dramatic power is the first interview between Lear and his daughter, after the designed affronts upon him, which till one of his knights reminds him of them, his sanguine temperament had led him to overlook. He returns with his train from hunting, and his usual impatience breaks out in his first words, "Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready." He then encounters the faithful Kent in disguise, and retains him in his service; and the first trial of his honest duty is to trip up the heels of the officious Steward who makes so prominent and despicable a figure through the piece. On the entrance of Gonerill the following dialogue takes place:—

"LEAR. How now, 'daughter? what makes that frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [To Gonerill.] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peaseod! [Pointing to Lear.

GONERILL. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots.
I had thought, by making this well known to you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which else were shame) that then necessity
Would call discreet proceeding.

FOOL. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GONERILL. Come, sir.

I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart
draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

LEAR. Does any here know me?—Why, this
is not Lear:

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are
his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's
shadow?

I would learn that: for by the narks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GONERILL. Come, sir:

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

LEAR. Darkness and devils!—

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

GONERILL. You strike my people; and your
disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents—Oh, sir, are
you come?

Is it your will? speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

[To Albany.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

ALBANY. Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR. Detested kite! thou liest. [To Gonerill.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. Oh Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at the gate that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people!

ALBANY. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

LEAR. It may be so, my lord—
Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen: that it may live,
To be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away! [Exit.

ALBANY. Now, gods that we adore, whereof
comes this? [cause;

GONERILL. Never afflict yourself to know the
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

LEAR. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
'Within a fortnight!

ALBANY. What's the matter, sir?

LEAR. I'll tell thee; life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[To Gonerill.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

[Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.]

This is certainly fine: no wonder that Lear soft
after it, "Oh let me not be mad, not mad, sweet
heavens," feeling its effects by anticipation: but fine
as is this burst of rage and indignation at the first

blow aimed at his hopes and expectations, it is nothing near so fine as what follows from his double disappointment, and his lingering efforts to see which of them he shall lean upon for support and find comfort in, when both his daughters turn against his age and weakness. It is with some difficulty that Lear gets to speak with his daughter Regan, and her husband, at Gloster's castle. In concert with Gonerill they have left their own home on purpose to avoid him. His apprehensions are first alarmed by this circumstance, and when Gloster, whose guests they are, urges the fiery temper of the Duke of Cornwall as an excuse for not importuning him a second time, Lear breaks out,—

"Vengeance! Plague! Death! Confusion!
Fiery? What fiery quality? Why, Gloster,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife."

Afterwards, feeling perhaps not well himself, he is inclined to admit their excuse from illness, but then recollecting that they have set his messenger (Kent) in the stocks, all his suspicions are roused again, and he insists on seeing them.

"Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

LEAR. Good-morrow to you both.

CORNWALL. Hail to your grace!

[Kent is set at liberty.

REGAN. I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adulteress.—Oh, are you free?

[To Kent.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: Oh Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here—

[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, Of how deprav'd a quality—Oh Regan!

REGAN. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope

You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR. Say, how is that?

REGAN. I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation; if, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

LEAR. My curses on her!

REGAN. Oh, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself; therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return; Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the use?

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg,

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

REGAN. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

LEAR. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train; Look'd blank upon me; struck me with her tongue, Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:— All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness!

CORNWALL. Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun, To fall, and blast her pride!

REGAN. Oh the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train, To banly hasty words, to scant my sizes, And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt Against my coming in; thou better know'st The offices of nature, bond of childhood, Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude; Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot, Wherein I thee endow'd.

REGAN. Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets within.

LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks?

CORNWALL. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

REGAN. I know't, my sister's; this approves her letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:— Out, varlet, from my sight!

CORNWALL. What means your grace?

LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope

Thou did'st not know on't.—Who comes here? Oh heavens,

Enter GONERILL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[To Gonerill.

Oh, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

GONERILL. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds, And dotage terms so.

LEAR. Oh, sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

CORNWALL. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders Deserv'd much less advancement.

LEAR. You! did you?

REGAN. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so. If, till the expiration of your month, You will return and sojourn with my sister, Dismissing half your train, come then to me; I am now from home, and out of that provision Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd? No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose To be a comrade with the wolf and owl— To wage against the enmity o' the air Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her! Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took Our youngest born, I could as well be brought To kneel his throne, and squire-like pension beg To keep base life afoot.—Return with her! Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter To this detested groom. [Looking on the Steward.

GONERILL. At your choice, sir.

LEAR. Now, I prythee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a bile,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.

I did not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:

Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,

I, and my hundred knights.

REGAN. Not altogether so, sir;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion; Must be content to think you old, and so— But she knows what she does.

LEAR. Is this well spoken now?

REGAN. I dare avouch it, sir: What fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,

Should many people, under two commands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

GONERILL. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REGAN. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,

We would controul them: if you will come to me

(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you

To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more

Will I give place, or notice.

LEAR. I gave you all—

REGAN. And in good time you gave it.

LEAR. Made you my guardians, my depositaries; But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number: what, must I come to you

With five-and-twenty, Regan! said you so?

REGAN. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst, Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[To Gonerill.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,

And thou art twice her love.

GONERILL. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house, where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

REGAN. What need one?

LEAR. Oh, reason not the need: our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st;

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need—

You heavens, give me that patience which I need!

You see me here, you gods; a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

Oh, let no woman's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

Or e'er I'll weep:—Oh, fool, I shall go mad!

[Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool."

If there is any thing in any author like this yearning of the heart, these throes of tenderness, this profound expression of all that can be thought and felt in the most heart-rending situations, we are glad of it; but it is in some author that we have not read. To be concluded next week.

—You remember the fairy who was so good-natured that any weapon aimed at her changed its quality; stones became balls of silk, and arrows became flowers. The moral of the fable is evident. Be but liked, and you will not be censured for your failings (should you have any), nor envied for your good fortune.—*Sharp's Essays.*

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.*

I ASK no fields with plenty crowned,
I ask no wealth, as Gyges owned
Dear S**r; all I seek
Is what the wants of life require,
Beef, porter, bread, a sea-coal fire,
My Paper once a week.

I ask no stores of dirty pelf
To make me quite forget myself;
Such ills does wealth afford;
To me a barter has no charms,
To me the stocks cause no alarms,
I envy not a hoard.

The master-minds of other days,
The bards whom wond'ring nations praise
To me their treasures bring.
Homer and Virgil me inspire,
For me Anacreon strikes his lyre,
For me does Horace sing.

And they, the chiefs of elder time,
The denizens of every clime,
The patriot men of yore,—
For me they live, for me they bleed,
For me they do the heroic deed;—
What can I wish for more?

With wealth like this, with friends like these,
I live in no inglorious ease;
Nor ever blame the fates,
Because they have denied to me
The complement of L. S. D.
They've lavished upon Thwaytes.†

G. H.

* The first stanza is an imitation of an epigram of Alpheus of Mitylene.

† Thwaytes—of course a generic name,—a noun of multitude, like Smith or Tomkins,—and not implicating any individual of the numerous and worthy tribe of the Thwayteses.

CONTRAST BETWEEN

THE REAL AND FASHIONABLE GRACES OF WORSHIP.

(From the new Novel, 'Chances and Changes.')

"WHAT a contrast," said Catherine to Edward Longcroft, "is this little church among the mountains, to the fashionable churches in London. When I saw the benches of hewn stone, without any distinction of pews, the simple pulpit, the unadorned altar, the rough walls, backed by the solid rock, I bethought me of your uncle's pew in Mary-le-bone, carpeted like a drawing-room, lined with crimson cloth, padded like a carriage, for the more luxurious ease of the shoulders that rested against it; the chandelier, the fire-place, with its polished cut-steel fender and fire-irons, and Mr Longcroft rattling them and regularly stirring the fire, as soon as the text was given out."

"Why, Catherine, you are satirical, my child," said Mr Neville. "How is that? Do not you know, that if these poor mountaineers were proud of the poverty of their church, its simplicity would be fully as offensive in the sight of the Almighty as all the pomp of Mary-le-bone, or any other edifice of the same character."

"No, my dear father, I am not in any mood to satirize," said Catherine, "but I always used to feel uncomfortable in that church, the distinctions were so very aristocratic; it made me seem as if the object to which it was consecrated was merely a form of polite society; the fault may be in myself, but I must own I never could feel half the devotion sitting by the fire-side, with a velvet cushion at my back, and my feet on an ottoman, in Mr Longcroft's pew, that I did at our own dear Nethercross, and at this little church in the desert here."

"Catherine is right!" said Edward, "there ought to be no distinction of persons in places of worship; there is none in a Catholic church; the good sense of the people teaches them all to take their places with a decent regard to their respective conditions,

and that is enough—open pews and open doors are what we might borrow, with great advantage, from our continental neighbours."

"Yes," said Mr Neville, "and as our friend Arnaud is not here to start at my acknowledgment, I must say, I should be very glad of their pictured walls, and ornamented altars, now that we could combine them with a purer form of worship: I do love a religion of types, when not made to stand in place of the things typified,—I suppose I may say so without fear of being condemned as not orthodox. The remark that the real splendour and perfection of a state, is when the utmost pomp and magnificence in public matters is combined with simplicity in private life and individual habits, will apply as well to the ornamenting of churches as any other national treasures,—so it was in ancient Greece and early Rome; but we shall not see those days in England, I fear, nor anywhere else, where steam-coaches and rail-roads, and flying ships and aquatic balloons, are perpetually at work to minister to restless whims, and absorb the money which might, if people staid at home, and lived within their means, be devoted to public benefits." And so, with many a sage description on the comparative advantages of poverty and luxury, and many a pause to contemplate the magnificence of nature, which surrounded them, they finally regained the Presbytery.

SHAKSPEARE AT THE CLUB.

(From 'Confessions of Shakspeare.')

We have some notion of the footing on which he stood. A personal welcome to begin with, his wit to answer all the rest, and not a word from either side to intimate the divinity of his genius. No one "stands still with awful eye." It is hail fellow, well met. In the theatre alone men bowed before the agonies of Othello's passion, the sublime terrors of Macbeth's imagination—there alone they dreamt with the philosophic Hamlet over the riddle of life, to find in death the sole solution of its mystery!—Is he who now enters the Mermaid with that light and buoyant step the author of these wonderful creations? Is that the demi-god of genius, the master of spirits and of men? See how he enters, unconscious of any superiority, and open and unassuming as a child. It is only as the wine stirs, and the potent Jonson gets rather dictatorial, that those quiet flashes of wit glance forth against him. We may suppose, in addition, the quiet undercurrent of satire, half pleasant, half scornful, which must have run through the mind of Shakspeare as he saw the younger poets turn to Jonson, as the great arbiter of their fate; waiting for his nod, as the sign of doom; and leaping for very joy in their hearts, as, out of that oracular chair of his—the town chair of poetry, wisdom, and scholarship—he pronounced them, with affectionate conceit, his "sons," and proceeded to "seal them of the tribe of Ben." But this ran, we dare be sworn, an undercurrent merely. It never ventured itself to the surface in the shape of severity or scorn. The more learned assumptions of Jonson were those we are to suppose he twitted him about, making all merry meanwhile, and adding to the sociality by his jests. It is by no means to be concluded from this that Shakspeare disrelished learning, or did not himself admit it in a gallant and airy spirit, and as a social grace. It was only the Jonsonian shape of it he thought a fair subject for quizzing. Hear him speaking for himself at the Mitre in a happy vein of festive wit,—

"Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
Which was the Mitre's once, and now is mine;
Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted,
Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

And the worthy Richard Jackson, whose manuscript hands this down to us, inserts a dramatic direction in the second line at the end of the fourth word,—thus, "[drinks]." And so the life of Shakspeare passed,—according to the chance records of the time. He wrote the mightiest works that have been given to

man, and sought no personal association with them. He received none. As each of these works appeared, they merged, as it were, into the general and universal spirit to which they indeed of right belonged—the spirit of humanity. They became a portion of the great heart of the world. He, meanwhile, from whom they first proceeded, continued to walk through life's common way; laying on his heart the lowliest duties; assisting his fellow-actors to pass life merrily as they might; and,—secure of the everlasting existence of those shapes of beauty he had sent into the world to be to it "joys for ever,"—for himself, in the estimation of posterity, he betrayed no care. Mr Lamb has said there is a magnanimity even in authorship. Is it not here? if the term of authorship can indeed be applied to Shakspeare. Posterity has certainly, in his case, taken care that nothing was lost by such noble modesty. Shakspeare is now only less than worshipped;—it is esteemed an honour to speak the tongue he spake.

FINE ARTS.

*Exhibition of the New Water Colour Society,
Exeter Hall.*

THIS little Society have left their dark and cramped abode in Bond-street, and have much more commodiously hung out their colours in the small room at Exeter Hall; not on a ground floor, down a step, but nearer the sky and sun, up a fine stone staircase. We hope their prospects are rising accordingly. At all events, a better policy has been pursued; and we do not observe those miserable daubs that disfigured the walls of their former place, as bad as any of the unsuccessful candidates for the amateur prizes at the Society of Arts. Though the pictures are much more select, they do not strike us as being fewer in number. The majority are landscapes,—little snatches of homely scenery,—very agreeable matter for an hour's amusement. The pictures are mostly very small, and very, very few are elaborate in the colouring enough to deserve the name of *paintings*. The effect of the whole is somewhat as though the contents of a well-filled album had been dislodged from their native home, and framed and glazed, and hung round the room, with here and there a large drawing from the portfolio, to give a dignity to the little squadron. Altogether, there is a general want of finish, and even of ambition, among the drawings; they are mostly executed in the mannered style of roughness, with a *camera obscura* effect, common among old-fashioned water-colourists, or with a glaring blankness, a sort of ostentatious neatness, in which, keeping the paper clean is made to pass for delicacy of finish; the real use of colour, the blending of tints, the delicacy of high finish, bold contrast, the bolder dispensing with contrast, are scarcely to be met with. A few are aspiring in the attempt at colour, but such are apt to want harmony, leaving the material to overpower the effect it should produce. Downing's drawings are of the *ultra* neat order, where a large space of clean and feebly-tinted distance is made to show off the deeper-toned spot which constitutes the principal object; and yet his drawings do not want for a real feeling of nature. 'Northgate, Chester' (18), is at once a prime instance of this defect, and a very good specimen of his power. It is vigorous, and yet soft and pleasing; but that unnatural shadow in the middle of the picture is so much too heavy for the rest, that though richly coloured, and not opaque, it tells like a large blot in the middle of a very neat, but very feeble drawing. Cahusac is clever; but he would do well to study nature more, and Hunt less; his drawings are clever, but *mannered*. His best is a 'Sporting Highlander' (45). Shepherd is tasteful, but his colours are too positive and unblended. 141 and 149, however, are very clever, and for force of effect may perhaps take the second place among their fellows. Campion, Lindsay, Duncan, Roehard, are among those whose pictures we have noted with a mark of approbation. 'Shipping on the Thames' (315) by the first, is a very clever drawing. But the glory of the place is a couple of fruit-pieces by Lance;—rich, glowing

luxurious as oils: how gorgeous that glittering cup; how luscious the fruit; how soft the napkin; how light and airy the fether! We hardly know which of the two we prefer; if 136 be more striking and magnificent, 148 is the more faultless and deeper toned. The strawberries in the former are, we think, of very doubtful texture; they look too dry.—There are some studies of heads, &c., by the same hand: he manages flesh better in water than in oils; but we would advise him to stick to his fruit.

The British Atlas, comprising separate Maps of every County in England, and the Three Ridings of Yorkshire. Wales will be contained in four sheets, and will be so arranged that they can be joined together, and form an entire Map of that Principality. To be completed in twenty-three numbers; each containing two Maps, which will appear regularly on the first of every month. By J. and C. Walker. Longman and Co.

VERY copious, clear, and carefully got up: as fair a specimen of Map engraving as we remember to have seen.

Arboretum Britannicum. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. &c. No. IV. Longman and Co.

SUSTAINS its excellence as a gallery of arboraceous portraits. Is not the horse chesnut, however, taken from a tree which is rather an exception, than an average specimen in the general appearance of its species? It appears to us more oval shaped than common.

History of British Fishes. By W. Yarrell, F.L.S. Part II. John Van Voorst.

THE cuts are not quite so well printed as those in Part I,—they are a little blacker; but they show the same skill and delicacy in the engraving; the casualties of the press obscure but do not destroy the beauty of the execution.

Plates of the Penny Magazine. Charles Knight.

THE cuts are separated from the text, and bound up in a handsome volume. It is quite surprising how they can survive the wear-and-tear they must endure in working off the enormous impression of the periodical they have served for, and then appear after all in this fresh, vigorous, and drawing-room condition. They look very well on the better paper, and form quite a gallery of natural history, distant scenery, and curiosities of all sorts. An excellent work to lie on the drawing-room table, furnishing amusement or a whole afternoon.

TABLE TALK.

HINT TO VOYAGERS.

I cannot refrain from making some remarks on the cruelty of those who pass a leisure hour on board, by firing at the oceanic birds as they fly about the ship. These little "indefatigables," as some are pleased to term them, are too often doomed to become the subject of this murderous sport. Often and often with broken wings they are left to linger on the wide expanse of waters, unable to procure any food but that which may accidentally pass them; buffeted about by the waves, and helpless in themselves, they linger out a miserable existence, until death puts a period to their misery. It is revolting to the feelings to see these beautiful and perfectly innocent birds destroyed, solely to gratify the inclination to destroy.—*Bennet's 'Wanderings in New South Wales,' &c.*

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS.

MR. Phillips has been fortunate in coming before the public and making a stand at a time when there was none to oppose him. His natural powers are limited, but he has increased them by careful and persevering practice. Like all self-taught men, he has his defects; he has a trick of jerking out his notes in an unpleasant manner—he is apt to sing in his throat—and in extending the compass of his voice he has rendered it uneven, requiring all his tact to conceal this defect; he has likewise a tendency to sing out of tune—the effect of forcing his voice beyond its powers. To look on the other side of the

picture, his conception is good—his expression full of feeling—his style of singing is chaste and free from vulgar embellishment—he throws out his tone well—and his execution is smooth and polished. His acting too is more easy, animated, and expressive than that of any other English singer. He is successful both in serious and comic characters, but his forte is comedy; the picturesqueness of his diablerie, indeed, arises from a vein of comic humour. He is always gentlemanly, whether he personates the fiend himself, or the mortal with whom the fiend has taken up his lodging. There is a mannerism too—not an unpleasant one, partaking as it does of a sort of *bon-homme*—in all he does, whether he sings 'Lord, have mercy' at a festival, or 'The best of all good company' at Drury Lane. We know no singer more easily imitated, or so inimitable in his way (if the paradox may be allowed) as Henry Phillips.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

A gentleman who had been robbed by his servant, forgave him, on condition that he would promise to abandon his bad habits; this promise he so far kept, and conducted himself so steadily, as to accumulate enough of money to enable him to marry, and to keep an inn, on a much frequented road. About twenty years after, the gentleman, travelling that way, came to lodge with his old servant, whom he did not recollect until the man came forward, made himself known, and expressed how gratified and happy he was in again waiting upon him. He gave him the handsomest room and the best fare, but the night had no sooner set in, than this perfidious wretch, after so much show of attachment, stabbed his old master with a dagger, threw his body into a cart, and carried it to a river at the back of his house. In order to avoid discovery, and to prevent the corpse from rising to the surface of the water, he pierced the body through with a long stake sharpened at the end, which he pushed so far into the mud, that only a very small portion of the end of the stake was visible. A few days afterwards some ravens arrived from all directions, and crowded to the spot. Their increasing croaking, altogether unusual at the place, led the inhabitants to fancy a thousand foolish stories. The pertinacity of the birds was such also, that it was useless to attempt driving them away. This increased the excited curiosity so much, that the stake was at length, with difficulty, drawn out, which was no sooner done, than the body rose to the surface of the water. Inquiries were accordingly made to discover the murderer, and the wheel marks of the cart having been traced to the back of the inn, the master was taken up on suspicion, and confessed his crime.—*Faculties of Birds.*

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

There have been many example of men in show dead; either laide out upon the cold floare, or carried forth to buriall. Nay, of some buried in the earth; which, notwithstanding, have lived againe; which hath been found (in those that were buried, the earth being afterwards opened) by the bruising and wounding of their head, through the struggling of the body within the coffin: whereoff the most recent and memorable example was that of James Scotus, called the subtle, and a schoolman; who, being digged up again, was found in that state; and the like happened in our dayes, in the person of a player, buried at Cambridge.—*Bacon on Life and Death.* [Many idle stories are related to this effect, but it is to be feared also, many true ones. Yet there are people who think it easy for the world to have too much imagination! A weak imagination is not to be cultivated, neither should we think the worst or gloomiest of anything, when it is over and cannot be better seen into. But security in the present instance is easy, and a little imagination would come in aid of natural tenderness, to render it a matter of course. It is the duty of every family (a painful one it is, but better than worse pains of doubt afterwards) to keep a deceased member above ground, till the commencement of decomposition is obvious and undeniable.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We agree with H. G., but are afraid of re-opening so very wide a question.

We take a SINCERE WELL-WISHER in the very best part. We certainly have our own views on the subject; but they are such, as, we flatter ourselves, he would agree with, if we could argue the point with him; just as he thinks he could convince us;—a feeling common to all honest controversialists. But controversy is not within the province of our Paper.

Thanks to J. T. HOLMAN; but is not his view of Mr Webb's argument materially to be qualified by the fact, that the inventor of the Cherokee language was acquainted with Europeans? and was the invention, in fact, one of language, and not rather of characters only?

We should like to find room for the letter of LAFIS, and hope to do so. The index he inquires about, will be such as he wishes. With respect to the other matter, we cannot be equally certain.

We never heard of the contemplated measure alluded to by our comfortable friend, F. WILLIAM F., till his own mention of it. No such measure has certainly ever been contemplated by ourselves.

G. W. may surely read his "youthful productions" to his friends, without any misgiving, especially as he interrupts no duty in the cultivation of his taste. The Reader will agree with us, when he sees the following verses, which argue a feeling for genuine nature. We recommend the writer to try his hand on a longer, narrative ballad, such as 'Edwin and Emma,' and others of that sort:—

I.

Thou false one met me with a smile,
And held her hand to me,
I pressed it fondly, for no guile
I thought in her could be.

II.

A ring of gold my finger prest!
I started—and she wept;
I asked her, with an aching breast
If thus her faith she kept!

III.

She answered not, but turned her face
To weep, unseen by me:
I heaved a sigh, and left the place
And her—eternally.

There are things we like much in the verses of SELIM, but they are accompanied with matter which hardly belongs to them. Will he sit down and write a few, in which he shall resolve to sacrifice nothing whatever to the rhyme?

RUSS writes so delightful a letter, that it will be hard if we do not find something to please us in her book.

With sincere regret do we learn, from Miss Anna Maria Sargeant, the death of her sister, Mrs Hartwell, who graced our pages with some of her cordial and truly feminine effusions. The letter with which Miss Sargeant has favoured us, will be further noticed next week.

The wishes of Mr G. H. L. shall be attended to.

The letter of our fair Correspondent, E. S., is duly appreciated.

The 'Gipsy King's' arrival was attended with silence, out of no dishonour to him. We have been only taking time to pay him the proper attention.

It has long been our intention to give Specimens of English Poetry, with remarks, after the fashion of the article, on Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' in Number IX, and agreeably to the recommendation of the Correspondent who refers to it. And we shall certainly pursue this plan in the course of a few weeks.

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